

Religious Notices.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Sunday School prayer-meeting, Sabbath, at 7 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting Thursday, at 7:15 p. m.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH. Rev. Ezra D. S. mons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Young People's meeting Tuesday evening at 7:45 p. m.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. Albert Marion, Jr. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Fremont Street, corner Franklin. Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 12 m. Weekly prayer meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel parlor.

CHRIST CHURCH EPISCOPAL. Liberty Street, Rev. W. G. Fawcett, D. D., Vicar. Mass. service 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 7:30 p. m. except first Sunday in month, when it is 3:45 p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m.

HOP CHAPEL. Sunday school every Sabbath at 3:30 p. m. M. J. Broughton, Superintendent.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART. Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Pastor. First Mass, 8:30 a. m. High mass, 10:30 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m. Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

BERKELEY AND SURRETH SCHOOL. Held in Berkeley School, Bloomfield Avenue, every Sunday at 3 p. m. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATERSING CHURCH. Rev. J. K. Egbert, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Class meeting Tuesday evening at 7 p. m. Children's class for religious instruction Saturday at 3 p. m.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH. (Watersing.) Rev. James P. Faneau, Rector. Service, Sunday 10:45 a. m., 7:45 p. m. Sunday school, at 9:30 a. m. Seats free. All are invited.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. John M. Endlin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school 2 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale). Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath service 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

SILVER LAKE. Sabbath school held every Sunday, in the hall, at 3 p. m. Mr. Herbert Smith, Superintendent. Special meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and conversational meeting, Wednesday evening.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH. (Bloomfield Ave.) Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Rev. Mr. Furr. Sabbath school 3 p. m. E. A. Small Sup't. Preaching 7:30 p. m., Rev. J. H. Cooley.

UNION GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING. Every Sunday afternoon at Dodd's Hall, at 4 o'clock. All are invited.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is related of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes that during his visit to the Centennial at Philadelphia, he called at Girard College and was shown all through the building by an intelligent boy-usher who had not been informed of the name of the visitor whom he was conducting through the college. Upon arriving at the room where Stephen-Girard's old carriage is exhibited, the boy explained that the old vehicle was commonly called "Dr. Holmes's One-Horse-Shay." "Indeed" replied the genial poet. "I presume, of course," asked the boy, "that you have read the poem?" "Oh, yes," replied Dr. Holmes, "have you?" The boy answered in the affirmative, and assured his visitor that it was the only poem he had ever read from which he had derived genuine enjoyment. "I intend going to Boston in a week or two," said the boy, "and have wondered if it would be proper for me to call upon Dr. Holmes, because I have often wished I could see him. They say he's at the Centennial now, and I went there yesterday to see if by chance I might see him, but was disappointed." The Doctor, now thoroughly amused, advised his young admirer by all means to call upon his favorite poet when in Boston, assuring him that he had not the least doubt that Dr. Holmes would be glad to see him. Some three weeks afterwards the boy called at the residence of the poet, and was astonished to find in him the same gentleman he had conducted through Girard College. Dr. Holmes kept the lad at his home for several days, and sustains at the present day a regular correspondence with the boy, who is now employed in a large mercantile house in New York City.

Richard Savage, the Stratford-on-Avon librarian, has found a real book worm and has made a pet of him. "I found a little fellow," he says, "on December 27, 1884, in our library, in a copy of the 'Theatrum Poetarum' of Edward Phillips, 1675. He had made his way only about half an inch up the back of the book. I placed him in a small pill box, and gave him a few bits of the back of an old book for food. On looking every day, I always found him at the top of the box, so I concluded he wanted air, and I then pricked some holes through the top with a pin. He has since remained at the bottom of the box, feeding and growing till he has enlarged from about one-eighth of an inch to full three sixteenths, and thicker in proportion. I have examined him carefully in the sunlight with an ordinary lens. He seemed disturbed by the light or heat, so I turned him on his back, and found that he had six legs at the fore part of his body, the hind two being at about half his length; and these, no doubt, are of great use in his boring." He has a tiny dark-tipped nose, which seems very hard, and a head of a very light amber color. His body is of a transparent 'white-wax-like' color, and has hair upon it, for I noticed portions of hair upon it, for I noticed hair adhering to him, a little distance from his skin. This is the third I have found here: the first in August last, which I foolishly destroyed. The second was found on December 26, and lost; but the present specimen is alive, and apparently in good health, this day."

Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who is pronounced by many to be the handsomest gentleman in the world of letters, is of light complexion, has a fine forehead and well cut features. His profile is particularly fine. Although always dressed in the latest style, he is not inclined to foppishness, but is always neat in dress. In manners, Mr. Aldrich is very courteous and exceedingly refined. He is 49 years of age, and resides in Boston.

BERIN'S FOLLY.

THE HOUSE THAT COULD BE AND DO AND DID SUFFER.

By Virginia B. Harrison in the *Sunday Springfield Republican*.

Among the mountains in the western part of Pennsylvania lies the Black Log Valley. More than half a century ago, the valley was owned by a wealthy Philadelphian, who, charmed by its wild beauty, determined at all costs to have there a summer house. He who knows Philadelphia needs not to be told how dear to the heart of its citizen is the red brick. So it will occasion no surprise when I tell you that Berin's Folly, as it was called for years, was built of brick, though every brick had to be carted sixty miles. Then wagon loads of furniture set out from the banks of the Delaware, crept wearily to the Susquehanna, and traversing the rough roads over mountains and through gaps, reached Black Log, where the great double-door of the "Folly" swallowed up their contents. Then came the family in their own carriage. And for that summer life in Black Log Valley was Arcadia. But the journey home was cold, tiresome and dispiriting, so the next spring an agent came, sold the furniture at auction, and left the "Folly" watching through its two dormer windows in the roof, far down the valley and over Kearny's Gap, for the loaded furniture wagon and grand carriage that never came again.

For years the mansion stood there, harassed by wind and weather, helpless to defend itself. Now a blast would tear off a shutter. Now a gust twitched the shingles from the roof or battered in a window. And one long winter the snow pressed and pressed with cruel persistency, until worn out by the struggle, the roof gave way, carrying its tormentor with it, to be an agent of destruction for the others.

As the group walked a little way down the valley, the old house sighed with satisfaction, and as the melting snow dripped slowly from the dormer windows in the roof, one could almost fancy that the "Folly" was weeping—perhaps bitter tears for its own fate—perhaps joyful ones for that of the others.

into the house, and when she came downstairs he started wildly from his chair, saying, "I'll put an end to this—I'll kill them both."

Mrs. Fay darted ahead of him and stood at the top of the stairs begging him to go back into the kitchen. But on he rushed until when about half way up he stumbled and fell heavily. What thrills ran through the old house from garret to cellar and how it trembled and shook with the supreme effort it was making! The timbers that had long since failed to support the rickety stairs, staggered backward and forward for a minute, then collapsed with a crash. And as the trembling woman on the landing above saw with mingled horror and relief her husband disappear with the wreck of the staircase, the "Folly," time-worn and weather-beaten, pulled itself together with some of its old pride—for Marti was saved.

It was a different John Fay who months afterward walked out of the great double door, from the one who fell with the rickety stairs. The shock or rest and quiet or medical care, or perhaps all combined, had restored the unshinged mind—the fragile woman by his side had lost her look of fear and anxiety. There was a happier light in the little cripple's eyes than had shone there for years—and the small yellow dog, though he had only three legs to travel on, was traversing pleasant paths and was far more contented looking than when he had four.

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Everybody speaks in praise of our latest departure in Mixed Teas at 50c per pound. Evidently we have struck a mixture which goes to the right spot.

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The Coffee which we offered last week at 25 cents per pound gave great satisfaction, many tons having been sold. Parties desirous of obtaining from that stock should apply at once, as it must soon be exhausted.

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NOTICE

TO

TEA & COFFEE

CONSUMERS.

Lovers of Tea and Coffee, when making pur-

chases should not be pleased with an inferior
article simply because they get a present with it, they are invariably deceived by the gift
system, and have a poor article palmed off on
them by those who will be **scrotes**. It is
their usual practice to buy the cheapest Tea
and coffee in the Market and sell them with
the presents at from 60 and 70 cents per lb.
We can sell you a better Tea at 50 cents. They
will charge 30 to 35 cents per lb. for C. f. e.,
we will sell you a good Coffee 18, 20 and 22 cents
per lb., very best Java Coffee from 25 to 27
cents. Every article purchased that is not as
represented, can be returned and money re-
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and attention. The senior partner of our firm, with 40 years practical experience in the

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